

VERSES *by*
the WAY

JAMES HENRY DARLINGTON

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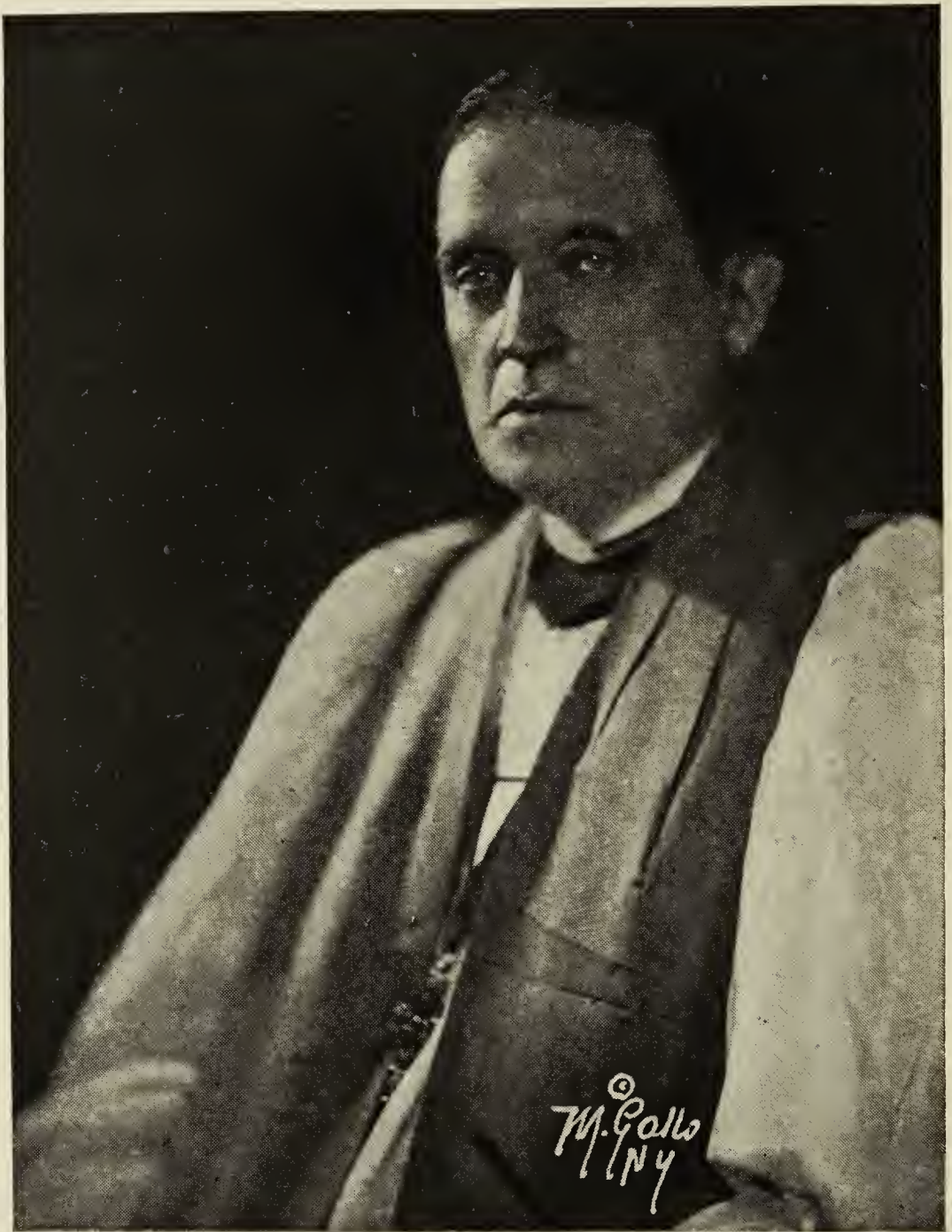


VERSES BY THE WAY



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James Henry Deerington

VERSES BY THE WAY



BY
JAMES HENRY DARLINGTON
BISHOP OF HARRISBURG

WITH A FOREWORD FROM HIS FRIEND
EDWIN MARKHAM



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TO MY WIFE

MY Fondest Friend, some morning when my
work on earth is done,
Please think of me as treasuring your love with
latest thought:
A love grown strong through many years, which
never could be bought;
And which it was my greatest prize, to have so
truly won:
Through whose benign encouragement most tasks
have been begun.
I wish to thank you for the truths that you to me
have taught,
And for the comfort that your praise to me has
ever brought:
Like earth must recognize its debt for warmth
and light of sun.
We've both gone on together as the months sped
on apace,
Rejoiced and suffered, laughed and wept at what
came in our view:
Have bravely covered heart-aches with a calm and
tranquil face;
Have prayed together, when it seemed God must
help if He knew:
And now if I should first be called, to know heaven's
boundless grace
I wish you here to learn from me, what I have
thought of you.

JAMES HENRY DARLINGTON

FOREWORD FROM A FRIEND

BECAUSE a man has expressed himself in a distinguished way in a certain line is no reason why he should not seek to express himself in other lines. It enriches a life to seek outlet in many directions. Our Hopkinson Smith, for instance, made engineering his fundament, but branched out successfully as a painter and as a story-teller. Until he makes experiments, a man does not know in what direction his greatest talent lies.

Bishop Darlington has achieved a distinguished position as a pulpit orator. Besides this he is widely known as a captivating *raconteur*. It is also known that he is always ready to use his gifts of head and heart to push forward all causes concerned with social justice. And here, in this little volume, we see the genial Bishop in a new light. He is venturing to express the ideas of his well-stored mind in the direction of rhyme and rhythm, believing with Robert Burns that

“A verse oft reaches him
Who would a sermon fly.”

This is a justifiable step, for verse often has a power unknown to prose — a power to condense ideas and to seize and hold the attention. Many a pre-

FOREWORD FROM A FRIEND

cept has come down the years because it was winged with meter. A truth in rhyme has a habit of sticking in the memory.

This little volume is not to be sent out for the stern eye and the severe pen of the literary reviewer. It is intended merely to gladden the hearts of the Bishop's parish of friends, a parish that reaches from sea to sea, and from the Gulf on the south to the Canadian Lakes on the north. They will find in it pleasant reminders of the Bishop's vigorous mind and engaging personality. For here he has tried to pack his thoughts in portable form. Here he has swept together his versified sermons of good cheer and good will, his brief homilies on prudence, perseverance, patience, justice, gentleness and divine grace. He sings his little parables founded on common daily happenings, parables that carry admonition and aspiration. He expounds moral principles founded on texts of Scripture. Sometimes he celebrates the beloved relationships of home and neighborhood — little occasions and remembrances, as dear to us as were similar things to those who lived long ago in Nazareth and Bethany.

It seems to me that the Bishop reaches his highest expression in some of his out-door poems, poems that show his love for nature and his eye for landscape and the little living forms of fin and fur and feather that have their homes in stream or hill or forest.

FOREWORD FROM A FRIEND

Bishop Darlington has a genius for friendship, and this little book of verse may be looked on as a love-letter to his many friends. Let us hope that this letter will help them when the paths are steep and the climbing is hard.

EDWIN MARKHAM

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.

JUNE, 1923

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CREDO

I believe in God's goodness and fatherhood and in man's goodness too, and that you are better than you think; I believe in my own love for purity, justice and peace when under normal conditions; I believe my friends and family love me more than I deserve; I believe in the open air life; in boating, sailing, and outdoor games; in roaming mountains, forests and meadows afoot; in the play of children, the beauty of flowers; in the song of birds and companionship of green leaves and grass; I believe in winter's cold as well as summer's warmth; in the indoor life with its blazing hearth, its books and music, its study lamp, long evenings, merriment, laughter, dinners, games and friendship.

I believe in health as better than wealth, and contentment rather than great possessions; I believe in being happy and that the surest way of becoming so is to make others happy also; in living as though I could never die and yet ready to pass on at any time; I believe in believing much and doubting little, and would rather be deceived many times than fail any soul who trusts me.

I believe in another life after the bodily change called death, as most thoughtful men have done through the ages; not alone because sacred and ancient scriptures say so; but also because I have an intense yearning for a longer and larger existence unhampered by a fragile body, and have found other such longings have their answer and fulfillment, and think this deepest desire of my being must have its realization too.

I believe in social justice; that right is better than might; that goodness is to be chosen rather than

CREDO

greatness; that kindness is more than justice, and it must be good to do good; that I should be sad every day for that which I am not, and glad every day for that which I am; and continually be giving thanks for light, life and love. I believe in tenderness for old age; in sympathy for infancy; in compassion for birds, beasts and fishes; in being courteous to those at home as well as to outside acquaintances; in keeping truth and dealing justly, so that when retiring at night I need not be ashamed to look in the eye my own face in the mirror, feeling that I have done no man wrong during the day.

I believe in GOD'S SON, OUR SAVIOUR, and His power to save sinners, because I know how He has helped me; in GOD'S CHURCH with her sacraments, duties, and helpful fellowship; in confession of sins to GOD MY FATHER, to one's self and to one another; in prayers and hymns as much as preaching; in giving at least one-tenth of my time and my money as a tithe; in temperance in eating and drinking; in speaking well of friends, and enemies if I have any; in praising rather than faulting; in being humble and patient when most tried; and in acting kindly to every one, through the aid of THE HOLY SPIRIT, the HELPER and GUIDE of all who ask in faith; ever trusting in divine goodness and love, even when sore disappointment comes, and only asking to see the pathway ahead, one step at a time.

PRECO

HOLY SPIRIT, guide my thought,
That by Thee I may be taught;
That Thy will may form my verse,
That I may aright rehearse
Some faint whispers that my ear,
Dulled by sinning, yet did hear.
Holy Spirit, guide my thought
That by Thee I may be taught.

THE TREES OF THE FOREST

'T WAS a wooden lance which pierced Christ's
side,

And His blood fell on the grass.

'T was a wooden cross on which He died,
Though the nails were beaten brass.

'T was branches stripped from the royal palm

They waved as they saw Him pass.

Hosanna they cried as with visage calm
He rode on the foal of an ass.

'T was a crown of thorns encircled His brow,

And a reed He held in His hand;

But no mortal monarch, as we know now,
Had a scepter or crown so grand.

As a carpenter He loved all wood

To fashion with saw and plane;

And the olive trees sheltered Him all they could
When He bore His deepest pain.

In Gethsemane's garden they saw Him kneel

In prayer and anguish deep.

'T was the weight of our sin that made Him feel
He must pray while others sleep.

THE TREES OF THE FOREST

On the grass, neath the olive trees He knelt,
And prayed in Gethsemane.

On the grass, the blood fell from His side
At the foot of Calvary's tree.

On the grass, the thousands who followed Him sat
By the old Tiberian Sea,

When with a remnant He fed them all —
Five loaves and fishes three.

LASTING LOVE

LOVE me little, love me long —

This is called the woman's prayer,
Not with transport and with song,
Lest mere passion do her wrong,
When she asks for tender care.

Not for "now," but for the "then,"

When long years have passed away,
Does she value love of men.
Later years are in her ken,
Even on her bridal day.

Will he constant be and true

When with strength and beauty gone
I can offer nothing new?
Will his ardor then be through,
Held by memory alone?

Friend, if others love her less,

Then 'tis yours to love her more;
Showing greater tenderness,
Fond affection to express
To your sweetheart, as of yore.

LOVELIGHT AT EVENTIDE

THOUGH the cliffs grew dark and drear
As the sun sank in the sea,
The sweet thought that you were near
Robbed my heart of any fear,
Warmed my soul with gladsome cheer,
Made the whole world bright to me.
Though the cliffs grew dark and drear,
As the sun sank in the sea.

CAN YOU ?

CAN you remain loyal when others betray?
Be true when the crowd loses faith?
As brave in dark night as you are in the light,
Frightened neither by roar nor by wraith?

Though the times may seem late, can you patiently
wait
Until truth and the right will prevail,
Knowing sneers and deceit are but taunts of the
weak,
Trusting God that you never will fail?

Can you rule your own heart and act well your
part,
When the world writes you down as a fool?
When false friends you find, can you smile and be
kind;
Can you conquer your wrath and keep cool?

When men lie and cheat, can you keep calm and
sweet;
Keep sane when the crowd has gone mad;
Though temptations you meet, your own task
complete;
And in spite of hard work, are you glad?

Are you kindly at home, when small worries foam?
Are you pleased you can aid weaker souls?

CAN YOU?

Would you rather be right though you lose in the
fight,
Than win by stealing the goals?

When critics break loose, can you bear their abuse:
Can you stand firm under the rod?
If He gives you grace, your own soul to face,
You need fear no man, nor your God.

TROUTING IN APRIL

THERE is sunlight on the mountain top, but dew
still bathes the vale
The eagle's flying high in air, but the pheasant's in
the swale,
And from the upland meadows comes the whistle
of the quail.

The winter's gone, the spring has come, and buds
are all aburst,
The bobolink sings merrily, his solo oft rehearsed,
While each laddie tells his lassie she's his "dearest"
and his "first."

Then down the stream I hie me with my oft used
rod and line,
With nought to spy upon me, but the patient grazing
kine,
While each ripple looks like silver in the morning's
warm sunshine.

With feet on sandy shingle, or stopped, knee-deep
in stream;
The worries of the yesterday, appear like far off
dream;
I'm once again, a boy myself, and all things joyous
seem.

TROUTING IN APRIL

If I can catch the wary trout I'm satisfied; and
yet
I never kill my spotted friends without a true
regret,
And drop the small fish back, to leap in the river's
sparkling fret.

Pray God the love of nature on your soul may
never cloy,
The bird love-songs, the scent of spring, the
universal joy.
Go fishing; you'll forget your age, and be again a
boy!

THE GRAY SWAMP IN SPRING

WHEN the final snowdrifts melt and the spring
has come at last,
There's a wildwood place I visit, to rejoice that
winter's past:
The Gray Swamp between the mountains, where the
wild ducks breed each year,
Where the mavis, redwinged blackbird, sounds his
love-calls oft and clear:
Where from the hill-side stretches comes the constant
cry, "Bob White,"
And where cedar birds and robins flit from morning
until night:
Where the highbush-huckleberry finds the moisture
that it needs,
And in fall with red cranberries, the marsh looks
as though it bleeds;
Where while still the upland grassfields, look
frosted, dead and bare,
Here grasses grow and wild flowers scent the warm
and sunny air.
Shut off from wintry breezes by the mountains on
each hand.
It's almost warm as summer and the air is mild
and bland:
Streams are full of fishes jumping, here and yon at
tempting flies,

THE GRAY SWAMP IN SPRING

And the tree-toads and frog cousins, sing aloud in
shrill-voiced cries.

Water cresses in each spring-brook, anemones on
south-side banks;

Blood-root blossoms and arbutus, and blue violets
rank on ranks;

Dogwood white as snow on branches, Judas trees
like new shed blood,

While the water-lilies grow up from the deep and
blackest mud.

In this waste of land and water, basking in the
shut-in heat,

Crows, robins, reptiles, fishes congregate in friendly
meet.

Later when summer warms the hills and not alone
the glen,

They will scatter for the season; the next Fall to
meet again.

Fishes, turtles, frogs and tree-toads bury deep against
the frost,

And when winter freezes all things, underneath
the ice are lost.

But when springtime breaks the frosty chain, and
brings back bird and bee,

If you'd witness all things rise to life, come see
the swamp with me.

COMING BACK TO COLLEGE

O, THE old men come from the cities
With their class to the college town.
And they sing, like boys, the love ditties
While each dons his hood and gown.

CHORUS

When the boys come back:
When the boys come back;
College days will live again.
Side by side we'll stand
A united band
And once more be boys, not men!

The young grads look with wonder
At the pranks which the old grads play;
As they laugh at each joke and blunder
Of their youth so far away.

The Doctor forgets his prescriptions:
The Lawyer forgets his case:
While the Parson, despising restrictions,
In the frolic, sets the pace.

The college-fool has made money;
The rich-boy has grown poor;
The hairy-man, bald and looks funny;
And the gay-boy's a colporteur.

COMING BACK TO COLLEGE

But to one and all, 'tis their glory
That their college days were worth while;
And they listen when each tells his story
Which as oft brings a tear, as a smile.

O Father above, smile in pity:
May the boys who are nearing their goal,
With life's lessons learned, reach God's city,
When the Master on high, calls the roll.

GOD'S RECKONING

THE world will scan what is done by a man;
But God will reckon what man intends —
Not what we wrought, but our purpose and thought,
Will He ask when our journey ends.

HEAVEN NOW

LIFE is short and filled with care
But has joys that we can share:
God rewards the souls who dare.

Full of change and labor blest,
Finding there what we love best:
Heaven is not alone for rest.

Make your neighbor happy too:
Others bless in all you do:
Heaven will then have come to you.

'Tis not all future: claim it now.
Ask this when in prayer you bow:
God in Christ will show you how.

THE OCEAN

“O thou vast Ocean! Ever sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!” —

— BARRY CORNWALL.

THE ocean's broad plain stretches far as our
sight,
With its miles of gray green, flecked with foam-
flowers white.
The wind from the east blows salt spray on the
shore,
Where each coming wave dies with splendor and
roar.

Ulysses of old sang this scene in his lay,
Or Homer sang for him — it's the same either way!
The weakness of man and the strength of the sea;
The gulls flying low and the wind blowing free.

Tall sails in the offing, so near yet so far:
And the white line of breakers — the bay's outer
bar

The vastness of Ocean its freeness, its force;
Raise the greatest of queries: the Creator and
Source.

“There shall be no more Sea,” wrote St. John,
long ago:

Is there something so wrong in the tide's ebb and
flow?

It drowned Noah's world at the Deluge, we're told:

THE OCEAN

But shall no more be seen, when Heaven's glories
unfold.

Your water is salt like the tears which you cause;
You are cruel, remorseless and break all God's laws!
The clear sparkling water from myriad rills,
You poison with salt; those who drink it, thirst kills.

O greatest of graveyards, wild-rolling in might,
I turn from your beauty, disturbed by the sight.
Your calms are deceitful, alluring and dread:
Thank God that ere long, you must give up your
dead.

OUR DEAD

AVIATOR (*Overhead*)

SO high in air he passed from life to life,
None saw his passing but the God he served.
For right he fought, though not in love with strife:
'Twas freedom's peril that his strong arm nerved.
As clouds received our Saviour from our sight;
So surely his pure spirit fled,
To live on ever in God's house of light,
My son has gone above. He is not dead.

SUBMARINE (*Underneath*)

Deep in old ocean's calm embrace
My dear one rests his weary head.
Where find a better resting place,
'Till Christ shall bid the sea give up its dead?
Cradled where nothing now can break repose.
His Guardian Angel this safe refuge chose?
Yon seashore wave which comes to kiss my feet
May bear his love in whispered message sweet.

THE UNDER-SHEPHERD

Verses celebrating the Thirty-second Anniversary of the ministry of the Rev. John Wright, D.D., LL.D. in St. Paul's Church, City of St. Paul, Minnesota.

GREAT Shepherd of Thine earthly sheep,
From Heaven look down with blessing:
Still safe Thine under-shepherd keep,
Here now Thy care confessing.

For many years Thy flock to feed,
Has been his prayerful yearning:
To, evermore, the wayward lead,
And bring the lost, returning.

Thus oft in weakness and despair,
With flesh and spirit failing,
He sought his strength from God by prayer,
Above sin's power prevailing.

Thy grace sufficient, help divine,
Has lightened sore bereavement:
The failure, his; the victories, Thine.
Thank God for each achievement.

Though younger shepherds now may tend:
The flock to love and cherish:
He hailed with joy his trust's glad end.
None, trusting Thee, can perish.

DOUBLING OUR JOYS

TELL your friend your joys, and they double.

Tell your griefs to him, and they shrink.

In this way you minimize trouble.

Count your mercies: you've more than you think.

Spread your gladness, and sowing you'll reap it.

Tell your sorrow; 'twill die in the air.

If it hurts you, then why try to keep it?

Wise sympathy smothers despair.

Thus we gain what we greatly covet.

We lose what we only despise.

True friends will respond, and love it.

He who trusts most, is really most wise.

OVER THERE

ONLY a few more years of effort, only a few more years to bear.

Now for the planning, the pushing, persuading, then for home-gathering over there.

Sometimes I wonder what mother is doing; whether she prays any more for me.

Often I question what father is learning; so quick to comprehend and to see.

Alice and Alfred, my brother and sister, have they grown up as the time sped away?

My little son will he know me, his father, whom the years have made old and gray?

Is there a way that the dead find each other? Do glorified faces look all the same?

Do the older grow young, or the younger grow older when once they are warmed by Life's Heavenly flame?

Do they oft think of friends they have left here? In that happy throng do they love us still?

So much to learn and to do, to praise for; can they hold us dear? Do you think they will?

Yes, it is selfish; I know I'm not worth it, but somehow I feel that the dear ones I mourn,

Have not forgotten the old earthly home-ties, the joys and the sorrows together we've borne.

OVER THERE

Darkness of earth must seem night to their day time,
as dark rainy day when the sunshine has come.
Nights with our dear ones are sweet for remem-
brance. There's no drear weather with fond
ones at home.

Think how they love us forever and ever; knowing
our failings they still hold us dear.

Let us take up life's sorrow and daily burdens, they
love us more there than we love them here.

SATAN'S STORM

[An Old Colonial Tale]

THE slithering, sliding snow came down for
hours and hours and hours.

It banked the town and country roads as helped
by unseen powers.

God pity the wanderers abroad this night in the
darkness, cold and sleet.

The drifts would soon block up their way with
ice-cold winding sheet.

The rooms of the warmest homes grew chill, and
the children woke with fear.

The chained dogs from their kennels howled, as
though a foe were near.

The white flakes fell on the river's flood, which
rose high above its banks;

The poor shivering trees swayed in the blast, bent
almost to their shanks.

The swinging signs of shop and inn creaked steadily
as in pain;

While the church clock struck the midnight hour,
faint as though never again.

Then those awake heard gruesome sounds, like
laughter mixed with groans,

When the gale shrieked round the chimney pots in
shrill accusing tones.

SATAN'S STORM

It seemed like crowds lamenting, and then moanings
of despair,

As though ten thousand spirits were warring in the
air.

The haunted house where the peddler died, fell
down with its weight of snow;

And every tombstone was flat on its back — but that
was long ago.

FATED

SOMEWHERE in my books I've read;
Omar, second Caliph, said;
"Four things come not from the dead:
 The arrow sped,
 The chance, that's fled,
 The word, that's pled,
 The life, you've led."

Dying men may leave their bed;
Erring ones their path retread;
Faults be conquered, though inbred;
 The hungry fed;
 The single wed;
 Gray skies turn red;
 Faith vanquish dread.

But the four which Omar said,
Like the breaking of life's thread,
End the power of heart and head —
 "The arrow sped,
 The chance that's fled,
 The word that's pled,
 The life you've led."

THE WAY TO WIN

IT is natural to think with dread
Of obstacles waiting just ahead.
But when a duty must surely be done,
Prepare well ere the work is begun.

If the first attempt fails, as it likely may;
Then start again at the end of the day.
If you lose-out once more, then with courage still
bright
Commence your third battle, that very night.

You must win sometime. Make it now.
There's a way to do it. Find out how.
If fixt in your purpose, you surely can.
First conquer yourself: next, the other man.

OLD MOTTO OF BRITISH KINGS

“GOD AND MY RIGHT”

EVERY day is a new opportunity;
Each night comes another chance.
Each hour you decree, what the next shall be —
To retreat or make an advance.

You become what you will by your deep intent,
By improving or wasting your hours.
What you are, shows your bent, and proves what you
meant:
Will you sink, or ascend in your powers?

WISE AND OTHERWISE

EVERY view must be judged by a review,
The half truth give way to one more true.
Our old opinions when wrong we must change;
And newer thoughts take a far wider range.

Partial views cannot equal the whole;
Body and mind must submit to the soul.
Life is not measured by time spent on earth:
True life begins at our heavenly birth.

Giving ourselves we have highest delight;
Conquering self is the mightiest fight.
Envy and hatred are vanquished by love,
With strength of the eagle, and heart of a dove.

The larger our giving the greater our gain.
Hearts-ease is a plant that springs up after pain.
The bravest are those who stand fast and endure.
Not the learned, win heaven; but those who are pure.

ONLY ONE

ONE star shines down on the mountain side,
One star and naught beside.
But — one star is enough to guide.

One life is all that is given to me,
One life to unselfish be.
But — after that is eternity.

One faith in Christ and his chastening rod,
One path to tread even as he trod.
But — at the end the peace of God!

LABORARE EST ORARE

THE evening is damp and cold,
The vesper light shines warm:
The sheep excited by the storm
Are hasting to the fold.

Around the chapel by the road,
The trees so still and bare,
Have bowed their crested heads in prayer
As if they homage owed.

The passing shepherd leads his sheep
To shelter through the rain,
That by his guidance, they may gain
A quiet night to sleep.

In yonder Church he seldom prays:
His wants and words are few.
Yet he, though silent, voices too,
Earth's common prayer and praise.

He hums the hymns by ages told,
Then does, what some would shock:
Prays God's care for his woolly flock,
Then trails them to their fold.

TREES

OH, a tree is a psalm of beauty; yes a tree is a
green-leaved prayer,

A tree is a benediction from those who planted it
there.

When you pause by the roadside weary and rest
beneath its shade,

Say a prayer yourself for the kindly heart that
this pavilion made.

There are trees far off in the wildwood, sprung
from a seed wind-sown;

And the zephyrs today are glad, because the earlier
winds have blown.

The birds which carol sweetly are but trying to
sing in glee

Their thanks to birds that with ripe fruit helped
to plant some forest tree.

That chatter you hear is a squirrel's call, who
wishes to let you know

His gratitude to ancestors, who buried the acorns
to grow.

So now, O man, you are rebuked, by squirrel, by
bird and breeze,

Unless you also plant some seeds, and bless the
world with trees.

CHRIST WITH US

THE Christ of God is living, not dead, and walks
with men the street.

He sits at table with the poor and smiles when
neighbors greet.

He's not a God afar from us in clouds above the
earth:

But journeys with us every day, even from the
hour of birth.

GOD'S CARE

THE Lord our God is living today, active, strong,
not dead.

His ancient law He vindicates, and has more words
unsaid.

He is patient, merciful and kind and also firm and
just.

He's sure to punish wickedness, and by His truth,
He must.

He threatens, evil to prevent, that sinners should
not die;

But loves not murder, cruelty, nor lustfulness nor
lie.

He's just, not vengeful; firm, not stern; to save us
from mistakes:

Our foolish wills would rush to death without these
timely breaks.

Through Him we conquer ancient foes, and present
foolish ways.

By following His counsels, He gives us length of
days.

Through Him we grow, we learn, we thrive; His
love our vital breath.

GOD'S CARE

Eternal life begun on earth smiles at all fear of
death.

May we our present duty see, and wisely plan our
task;

We cry for opportunity — the only gift we ask.

GOD AND THE TREES

IN a garden first started our human race. In a garden our Lord was laid.

The great Gardener wants you to help Him! He really wishes your aid.

On a tree our Lord was crucified. As a boy He worked with wood;

As a carpenter in Nazareth, with Saint Joseph, He made good.

To the woods of Olivet's garden, He journeyed for solemn prayer,

Where only God, the wondering moon, and the trees, knew he was there.

The disciples were fast in slumber, no mortal heard His word;

But the birds on the boughs and ten thousand green leaves listened and never stirred.

PRAYER TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

LOVING Spirit, dearest Friend,
Thou the weakest canst make strong
All our hopes on Thee depend,
Thou canst turn our sight to song.
When the soul is drawn by sin,
When the heart is sick with fear,
Thou canst calm the storm within,
Thou canst make the pathway clear.

Sevenfold Giver to the soul,
Heavenly wisdom much we need;
When the waves of trouble roll
Through the stormy waters lead:
May Thy voice be strong and clear
Calling through the darkest night!
May our ears be swift to hear,
Following Thee, 'till morning light!

A PRAYER

LORD, who art so far above me,
Show me daily how to live,
That my wayward heart may love Thee,
And a worthy service give.

Hear me for myself and others:
May we live more as we pray.
Bound by bands of love as brothers,
Thy commands swift to obey.

Give us patience more than rapture;
Give us quiet more than noise;
Wisdom from earth's ills to capture
Greater love for heavenly joys.

In the day rejoice in brightness;
In the night, find starlight sweet;
All our burdens turn to lightness
Proving us for service meet.

In the rush and zest of living,
In the perils of success,
Kill cupidity by giving,
So we may not love Thee less.

Loving life and every pleasure
Thou dost grant our human race,
Still, beyond and above measure,
Loving Thee the God of Grace.

AN INVOCATION TO CHRIST

OH, dear Master! Thou art risen.
Thou didst free the souls in prison:
 Help us from the cells of doubt.
We are cold, who should be loving:
We sit still, who should be moving;
 Loose our bonds, and let us out.

Fields are white, yet we're not reaping,
Thou saidst, "Go," yet home we're keeping —
 Hesitating, weak through fear.
Every breeze brings voices crying
From the souls in darkness dying;
 Move our hearts by what we hear.

Give us faith to make us certain
That the clouds are but a curtain
 Hiding sunlight from our eyes;
That, while bearing earthly crosses,
Heavy griefs and frequent losses
 Thou with us dost sympathize.

O dear Saviour! dost Thou wonder
That in darkness still we blunder,
 Groping where the path is sure?
Naught there is that can avail us,
If Thy tender mercy fail us;
 Give us courage to endure.

ANSWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

DOUBTING souls, why further doubt Me?

Timid souls, why flee away?

Broken hearts, why further shun Me,

Me the Comforter alway?

Know you not enough to trust Me?

Have I given you cause to fear?

If bereavement makes you lonely,

Do but ask Me to draw near?

I will give you strength for loving,

I will give you power to pray.

I will aid your faith to conquer

In the dark and gloomy day.

Only trust Me that I love you;

Naught can harm your future then.

I am straightened in My giving

Only by the doubts of men.

“Ope thy mouth and I will fill it.”

Spake the Word of God of old.

Naught has happened since 'twas spoken

Making void these words of gold.

If your faith were only deeper,

If your hearts were only true,

Mountains even could be moved,

There is naught you could not do.

ANSWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

Like the Baptist, I seem only,
Just a Voice, and nothing more.
Calling sinners to the Saviour,
God in Christ, whom all adore.
While Elijah in the cave stood;
Earthquake, whirlwind, fire passed by;
Last, the still, small Voice, which whispering
Awed the prophet. This was I.

I myself, concealed and hidden,
Unobserved by all, can see —
Leading souls from things forbidden,
Baffling man's worst enemy.
Light of noon and darkest midnight,
Highest heaven and deepest hell,
Vainly hide men from my eyesight,
Faithful hearts who love Christ well.

Over this world today I'm brooding,
Even as at Creation's dawn;
Keeping out the thoughts, intruding,
By which men to sin are drawn;
Cherishing each weak endeavor,
Towards a clean and better life;
To the faint, new courage giving
For the day of toil and strife.

THE SEVENFOLD PROTECTION

“The Lord campeth round about those that fear Him.”

Within

O, Blessed Spirit strengthen me within,
So that I may not lose my soul through sin.

Outside

Protecting Spirit, guard me from outside,
Lest through my boastful heart I fall by pride.

Overhead

Strong Guardian Spirit, shelter me o’erhead;
Without Thy brooding care my soul is dead.

Beneath

Divinest Spirit, lift me from beneath;
Thine all-upholding confidence bequeath.

Before

Directing Spirit, take my hand to guide;
I fear no ill, if Thou wilt walk beside.

After

O Conquering Spirit, follow after me —
Love on the land and light upon the sea.

THE SEVENFOLD PROTECTION

Round about

Fond loving Spirit, clasp me round about,
Wall me with faith against invading doubt.

Great Holy Spirit, giving blessings seven,
Receive our praise, and fit our souls for heaven.

A QUESTION

WHY at times so dull in prayer
Am I, Lord, I ask of Thee?
Why my heart so cold and bare
When I would devoted be?

Oft-times love inflames my zeal
And I *know* I am Thy child.
Then again, no warmth I feel
Restless, cold, unreconciled!

Oft-times full of grace and peace;
Oft-times doubts and fears annoy;
Oft-times glad at sin's release,
Full of rest and quiet joy.

Jesus, unto Thee I turn,
Thou alone, my joy canst be!
Let my love more constant burn,
Looking not to self, but Thee!

THE CHILD HEART

WITH little cherub faces
Old-time painters fill the skies.
From out the heavenly spaces
Peer their tender earnest eyes —
Infant faces, sweetly wise,
Wistful, prayerful, loving, mild,
Pleading, lest we may despise.
Christ Himself, was once a Child.

Wherefore thus the heavenly places
Are so thronged, may cause surmise
Care our countenance defaces,
But a child's is sweetly wise,
Them, like saints we canonize,
As both pure and undefiled.
In the child all heaven lies:
Christ Himself was once a Child.

ENVOY

Prince of Peace, may we revise
Thoughts of life so false and wild.
Let our childlike love arise:
Thou Thyself wast once a Child.

BUILDING THE KING'S HIGHWAY

If I can only place one little brick in the Lord's pathway,
I will place it there that coming generations may walk
there-on, to the Heavenly City. — PHILLIPS BROOKS.

WE are not fit God's highway to walk,
We ask but the boon to build,
To fill the vales, to level the hills,
Obeying whatever He willed.

And when we hear of thousands that tramp
The highway we have laid,
I think the music their footfalls make
Will sound like an anthem played.

Yes, roadmakers to the King of Kings,
Repairing the King's Highway,
Ah, this is honor high enough,
And work enough for the day.

Give smiles for taunts, soft words for wrath,
And lighten the toiler's load.
Keep faith with God, and faith with man —
Thus build the Lord's high-road.

CHRISTMAS MEANS COMPANIONSHIP

BLEST Christmas is for every one, and not alone
for me:

The shepherds knelt together then; the wise men
journeyed three.

A multitude of angels sang from out the midnight
sky:

“Good will and peace to men on earth, and praise
to God on high.”

To Bethlehem's Inn there came no one, who jour-
neyed all alone;

But each one brought his neighbor too, and so Christ's
love was shown.

And later, when the Master called His twelve
to follow on,

Saint Andrew brought Saint Peter, and Saint James
came with Saint John.

On mountain top transfigured, and in the garden's
shade,

His chosen still were with Him, until He was
betrayed.

The children too waved boughs of palms, and loud
hosannas cried,

While women weeping thronged the hill, when He
was crucified.

CHRISTMAS MEANS COMPANIONSHIP

The Christ was born for every one; the Christ was
born for all.

And we must bring our fellow men in answer
to his call.

The Christmas present is so large, that we the gift
must share;

Another's good as well as ours, must be our constant
prayer.

God bless us all, bless every one, and bless both you
and me.

There is no place for selfishness beneath the Christ-
mas tree.

And high and low, the rich and poor, in every
Church and home,

Sing thanks to God for Jesus' Birth: our Lord,
the Christ has come.

THE CHURCH'S CREED

THE Church's Creed is shortly told,
All of its words I firmly hold;
But more its meaning doth unfold.

The Church Christ's Bride, of beauteous face,
Hath Sacraments purveying grace;
For these, my Credo findeth place.

And He who spake through prophet's wit;
Not only spake by them, but writ
The Bible: I believe in it.

In prayer, the way to Heaven's Throne,
That moveth the Almighty One;
And brings us peace, in His "well done."

In Fasting, that the flesh may be
Subdued, and from its sin set free;
He fasted: I would do as He.

In Tithing, all the means God lends;
In Trusting, even when grief He sends;
And that from evil, He defends.

In Peace, not warfare; Love, not strife;
In Temperance, which gives length of life;
In Truth, through days with falsehood rife.

THE CHURCH'S CREED

In Penitence; or else God's ban
Unlifted lies. Not otherwise can
Full pardon come from Christ to man.

In Teaching Pagans Christ and Heaven;
And since by Him, I would be shriven;
Forgiving as I'd be forgiven.

So loving Christ and serving men;
Would I look up with steadfast ken,
Waiting till He shall come again.

LENTEN QUESTIONS

OH, what may I do for the Christ this Lent?
Yes, what that is worth the while?
How grief prevent? When the days are spent
To cause not a tear or a smile?

The wrongful things I do, must cease:
I must stop all careless ways;
Must seek release 'till I find God's peace,
And thus perfect His praise.

Both Holy Church and Scriptures blest,
Will help me keep my fast.
With sin confest, I will prize God's rest,
When this, my Lent is past.

THE BALLAD OF DANIEL OF OSSEG

[Suggested by the celebrated picture of the monk with illuminated hand, writing in a cell; to be seen hanging on the wall of the very ancient Monastery of Osseg, in Bohemia].

STRANGE picture that! Yes, passing strange!
The light shines from his palm,
And while the monk bends o'er his work,
It lights his features calm.

The story is, that late at night
When sleeping in his cell,
There came a heavenly Voice, which said,
"Write down what I shall tell."

"How can I write who have no lamp?
The darkness covers all;
By day I copy manuscript,
But now, how write at all?"

'Twas so the thoughts ran through his mind.
An instant he lay still;
And then he rose, "What God commands."
He said, "I must fulfill."

His inkhorn found, some parchment too,
His quills of varied kind,
Then down he sat before his desk; —
He felt his way as blind.

THE BALLAD OF DANIEL OF OSSEG

When lo! there shone upon his page
A light from near, not far.
The centre of his own right hand
Gleamed like a brilliant star.

His face, you see, is half in gloom;
Outside a weird light beams.
A soft strange glow shines on the wall
Which through his fingers gleams.

The monk would fain have stopped in fear,
Or knelt down to adore;
But then the Voice again said, "Write.
Read well the Gospels four.

"For many men have written much,
That will not help the soul.
But the four Evangelists did see
The very heavens unroll.

"*They* listened to the words of Christ
The Spirit speaks through *them*.
They follow day by day Christ's life,
From Birth at Bethlehem.

"*They* teach the truth all free of gloss,
They never preach themselves.
Leave later works with strange conceits
To rest upon their shelves.

THE BALLAD OF DANIEL OF OSSEG

“Call back the Church to early ways,
The Catholic and true.
Rebuke the pride of potentates,
Who persecute the Jew.

“The Church’s leaders should excel
In modesty and worth.
Commission have they none from God,
To rule o’er all the earth.

“The pure in heart, the lowly soul,
I will exalt on high;
But ravening wolves who tear my sheep,
Shall suffer, when they die.”

The Voice then ceased; the light died out,
The light that on him shined;
But ever clear the holy word
Kept coursing through his mind.

The words he wrote, in daylight stood
For all to read and share:
Saints Matthew, Mark and Luke and John,
Were now his constant care.

The humble life of Christ our Lord,
So far from show and pride,
Rebuked all needless pomp of those,
Who claimed the Lord’s dear Bride.

THE BALLAD OF DANIEL OF OSSEG

The jewelled robes, the armored guards,
The gold-hued coaches fair,
With sumptuous feasts and costly wines;
Seemed not His Cross to share.

The faster, not the diner, was
The nearer to his Lord;
The man who gave away his gold,
Than he who money stored.

.
And so throughout Bohemia,
From Daniel the priest,
The truths of God's most Holy Word
Sprang up and long increased.

From this Cistercian Priory,
The word spread far and wide,
That money could not purchase grace
From the dear Lord who died.

And later when the martyr Huss
False phrophets called to task,
The common people in their homes
Began in hope to ask

If this were Daniel come again,
The monk with burning hand;
Because the truths were those, that he
First spread o'er all the land.

EASTER MORNING

CHEIRE! Cheire! Easter praise;
High the hymn of joy upraise.
Cheire! Easter flowers and song,
Pass the word of joy along!

Earth is worn and old and cross;
Every life has bitter loss;
Faith to hope immortal clings,
"Christus Resurrexit" sings.

Dead? Not dead, though thus they seem;
Loss and parting are a dream.
Loved ones, through the earthly tomb,
Seed-like, rise to radiant bloom.

Wintry storms of life blow cold;
Hopes are dim when hearts are old,
Easter whispers, endless Spring.
Death is dead! Sing, Christians, Sing!

GLORY AHEAD

Bright as is the sun and the sky and the clouds,
green as are the leaves and the fields, sweet as is the
singing of birds, we know they are not all, and we will
not take up with a part of the whole. They proceed
from a centre of love, which is God, but they are not
His fulness: they speak of heaven, but they are not
heaven; they are but as stray beams and dim reflections
of His image — crumbs from His table.

— JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

HOW green the leaves upon the trees!
How golden wave the fields of grain,
Stirred by the fragrant summer breeze!
How glad the patter of the rain!

In shower or sunshine, much is sweet:
At morn and eve the wild birds call.
At noon the radiance is complete,
By night the moonlight silvers all.

At evening time the westering sun
Sinks to his rest with farewell beam;
And shows a path on earth begun
Whose other end might Heaven seem.

How bright and sweet these views of earth,
But yet they are not all we know.
They are not Heaven, but there have birth,
And downward from our God they flow.

GLORY AHEAD

As from the table of her Lord,
The Gentile woman asked for crumbs;
So views of Heaven our lives afford,
And to each soul some foretaste comes.

But even so, we cannot rest
Content with these faint breaths of bliss.
We hunger still with keener zest.
We must have more of God than this.

When we shall know as we are known,
The toils of earth forever past;
When to our souls' full stature grown,
We look to Him, the First, the Last.

With Seraphim and Cherubim,
With Heavenly Bridegroom and His Bride;
Then shall we stand complete in Him,
And rest forever satisfied.

OUR FATHER

WE are what we are because of our birth,
Our blood, and our family cast.
The parents and ancestors once on earth,
Still influence us by their past.
But back of our first forefather is God,
And God is around us, and near.
His call can conquer the call of the sod,
God's child, should never know fear.

SUNDAY EVENING THOUGHTS

HOW sweet the close of God's own day,
The first of all the week.
No other has its holy calm,
In which our God may speak.

O'er country lanes and city streets,
There comes an hour of peace;
The weary world now stops to rest,
Its noise and bustle cease.

'Tis like the benediction sweet
Which comes at close of prayer,
When all the congregation kneel
And God himself seems there.

On this day rose our Blessed Lord,
And death itself was dead,
On this day came the Holy Ghost
To take His place instead.

And thus a double honor came
In these two signal ways,
Because the Father honored it,
Above all other days.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO YOU

NOT "making a living," but making a life;
What you are, but not what you gain in the strife.
Your life is a book, written red from your veins;
What you are, and not what you say, remains.

The four loved Evangelists tried each to write
The life of Our Master, the word of His might.
And each blest disciple, since that holy hour
Has stood before man as a sign of His power.
The life of each man is a proof of his creed,
And the Church groweth fast, when her brave
Martyrs bleed.

Not self-made but God-made, we men shall be
known

Who built the Christ spirit into our own.
If we know His great love, we will be loving too;
What we think He would like, we shall surely do.

What life of the Christ are you writing, my friend?
A Gospel to last till the centuries end?
Your Gospel of Christ is already begun,
Then how shall the rest of the sweet story run?
The saddest of all of His questions will be,
"Does your life show the fact, that you lived it for
Me?"

THE NATIVITY

TERROR in Herod's great palace,
Terror of shepherd and sheep,
 To the angels, great joy;
 To the Mother her Boy;
While the ox and the ass vigil keep.

Honor for Joseph the just man,
Honor for Wisemen, the three:
 They had journeyed afar,
 They had followed the Star:
Now they worship on bended knee.

Sorrow for Mary the Mother,
Sorrow for Jesus the Son.
 To the Mother, great loss,
 To the Infant, His Cross;
That the conquest o'er death may be won.

Carols for all Christian children,
Carols for you and for me.
 Let us sing the great day,
 Let us praise! Let us pray
At the foot of the glad Christmas tree!

NIGHT OR DAY

WAS the night or the day more kind
To the Saviour sent by God?
Was it stars or the sun we find,
Which shined
Upon the path He trod?

It was night when the angels sang
The Birth at Bethlehem.
It was "Goodwill to men" that rang:
No pang
Of the Saviour was for them.

It was day when the Scribes He taught,
A boy twelve years of age.
The courts of the Temple He sought;
And brought
New truth from prophet's page.

It was day when to John He came
To Jordan, to be baptized.
When He cured all the blind and the lame,
The same,
And devils He exorcised.

It was night in Gethsemane
When He suffered long and prayed.
It was late when He died on the tree —
Ah me!
By Judas false, betrayed.

NIGHT OR DAY

It was morn when Christ rose from the dead:

It is always day on high.

There on God's right hand, our Head;

He said:

He would wait us, above the sky.

THE THANKFUL SERVANT

I HAVE not seen Him since I have been here,
But I have read His words in Holy Writ —
To love my neighbor and dry sorrow's tear,
To know His love and tell the world of it.
Washed in His Baptism, at His Altar fed,
I am His humble child and grateful guest.
To serve such Love is to be doubly blest,
Since for my sake "He suffered and was dead."
I shall not serve Him long on earth, but go
To that bright Home above, where He is King,
Where all my loved ones have been gathering
In joys that no one here on earth can know.
Then my poor service will have rich reward
And I shall be forever with my Lord.

THE TRUSTFUL SERVANT

HE called me to this life, I know not why;
I only know He gave me health, and will
To show forth love for those who suffer ill,
That I might carry out His purpose high.
Baptized as His, partaking of His feast,
I know He loves me and will all provide;
That through all dangers I shall have a Guide,
Though of His servants I am last and least.
Both in the crowded street and prison cell,
In homes of want, at pleading touch of pain,
I see His power to comfort and sustain,
Whose seamless robe can still make sufferers well.
When earth's day ends; when night comes on
apace,
I know that I shall see Him face to face.

LOVE IS BEST

TO think God with your head, is not to know
Him with your heart:

The soul that learns to love Him, has by far the
better part.

His heart to you is full of love, as shown in many
ways;

And so He asks your love for Him, to cherish all
the days.

THE SHEPHERD

WHEN He calls, Oh, follow swiftly
Through the night, o'er flinty rock,
Lest *one* of the lambs He died for,
Should be missing from the flock.

TRUE RELIGION

RELIGION is far greater, friend,
Than many people know.
It's not a mere external thing:
From it all issues flow!

It's more, than holding back from sin,
It's more, than fighting wrong:
It's working out the Christian faith,
With heartfelt joy and song.

It is not simply, winning Heaven,
But also, winning earth;
To conquer self, not pelf, our task;
The prize, our future worth.

Oh, no! our faith is not in vain;
The Spirit in our breast
Still reaches up above the clouds,
Till there it finds its rest.

The God in us, lays hold on God,
The child its Father seeks;
The longing soul cries out for Him,
And listens while He speaks.

This world is but the ante-room,
The temple bright is there;
Religion is the handmaid sent
To lead to visions rare.

TRUE RELIGION

The pathway may be rough at times,
We may faint-hearted be;
But when at last our rest is won,
It's for eternity.

THE JOY AWAITING

NO ear hath heard, no tongue can tell
The joy of that first breath,
When first we know as we are known,
The other side of death.

TRUST IN GOD

ABOVE the highest mountain-top
That lifts its head, snow-white,
Above the clouds which veil the sky,
Above the eagle's flight.

There dwells a Friend who cares for me,
A Friend, who's known me long,
A Friend, whose love makes all things bright,
And turns my grief to song.

There's naught can happen here below
That contravenes His will;
So when the skies look dark, I know
There's light behind them still.

He will not break the bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax.
His children are His constant care,
He will not overtax.

Just as a bird beneath her wings,
Her little ones doth shield;
So does He bid us nestle close,
And His protection yield.

The rain may fall, the snow may come,
And winter winds blow bleak;
There's always summer in the soul
That hears the Father speak.

TRUST IN GOD

The wolves of hate, the owls of doubt,
May call with woeful cry;
The sheep, safe folded by His care,
Need fear no danger nigh.

Or in the darkness, or the light,
I cannot wander wrong;
A guardian Angel from His throne
Guides wayward feet along.

'Tis but a step from earth to Heaven,
The same love rules o'er each;
And should our tongues refuse God's praise,
The rocks would break in speech.

WITNESSES

“Ye shall be Witnesses unto Me.” — Acts 1:8

THE thoughts we cherish day by day,
The things we do, the words we say,
Our characters will make or mar.
Not what we have, but what we are!

Who gives to sufferers greatest mirth,
Himself gains greatest joy on earth.
Both with and for men, must we plan,
If we would show Christ's love to man.
The strength we gain from fast and prayer,
Must be spread broadcast, everywhere.

TO A ROADSIDE BERRY

LITTLE red ripe strawberry
Growing by the path;
Like the holly merry
Which also scarlet hath.

Good to eat and good to see
Mid the roadside dust,
Lessons sweet you teach to me,
Standing still, to trust.

Seeking not to find a spot
Where no dust can soil
Rest contented with my lot,
Happy in my toil.

LOVE IS ALL

GO tell the word to your brother-man,
Go tell it soon, as soon as you can.
And lest someone should miss the news,
And through your negligence should lose,
Ask him to pass the word on too,
That Christ has died for him and you;
And all who seek His aid in prayer,
Will find surcease from every care.

Do not delay, the time is brief,
Tell all men love can conquer grief;
That though our flesh may ache and die,
There is no pain or death on high.
That which seems harsh, is chastening love;
And love's the only law above.
God's grace will answer every call,
For Christ is King, and Love is all.

TO A BUTTERCUP IN AUTUMN

WHY belated is thy flowering,
Golden-bright, when skies are lowering;
Like a star from out the glooming,
Token of the Springtime blooming?

Is this time of thy selection,
Chosen after deep reflection;
From some solitary longing
Not to come with others, thronging?

Blooming now so unexpected,
Mayhap in the Spring neglected;
When to every hill and valley
Came the call, thy clan to rally.

Did the sunlight fail to find thee,
Or did icy fetters bind thee;
All thy sisters came a-Maying,
Where hast thou these months been straying?

Little flower, thou must remember
'Tis not Springtime, but September.
Chilling frosts the meadows whiten;
Does not this thy spirit frighten?

Never mind, thy golden brightness
Fills my burdened soul with lightness.
Let me make a full confession
Of this thought, which needs expression.

TO A BUTTERCUP IN AUTUMN

When dark skies seem unpropitious,
When our aims seem too ambitious,
When we feel afraid to venture,
Fearful of the world's harsh censure.

Then like thee, we must take chances,
That's the way the world advances:
Knowing, that the root of duty
When it blossoms, gives us beauty.

THE PEACE OF GOD

WHEN I met her, I saw her smile,
And I knew she had conquered grief.
Neither coquetry nor guile
Could smile, as I saw her smile.
No doubts to reconcile:
Through Faith she had found relief.
When I met her, I saw her smile,
And I knew she had conquered grief.

TWILIGHT

THE close of day has come
And night draws on apace:
Gray shadows veil the landscape's form,
And cover nature's face.

The stars will soon appear,
And later still the moon.
The time of rest and sleep is near,
And darkness will be soon.

Toilers will journey home,
And birds be in their nest.
And single file the cattle come,
And all things seek their rest.

The evening lamp is lit,
And round the common board;
The young and old together sit
In love and sweet accord.

The gloom and dark without
Increase the joy within;
And bind in closer union, those
Who dwell with friends and kin.

The dark and light are each
God's word for us to scan;
So morn and eve the lesson teach,
And have since earth began.

ABSENCE

I'M sitting alone in the room today,
While his chair stands empty, near.
And counting the days, even while I pray
That God may soon send him here.

'Tis only a year and a month ago
That he left for the battle shore.
If I loved him then a little — I know
That today, I love him more.

I scarce can see as I write, for tears,
Lest wounded he be, or dead.
The night brings no rest to my sleepless fears:
The day is darkened by dread.

.
But word has come that peace has been signed,
And our lads will soon return!
Thank God for the news and relief of mind,
To the hearts that love and yearn.

A LITTLE GRAVE

A LITTLE grave on the hill,
Under the grassy sod!
We know it is God's will,
The little grave on the hill.
Our eyes with tear-drops fill,
But we gave her back to God.
A little grave on the hill,
Under the grassy sod!

FORRESTBURG CHURCH

I SAW the place where she sat, today,
In the village church on the hill.
Long years have passed since she went away,
But her dear face haunts me still.

The house of prayer is small and bare,
As it stands on the village street;
But the thought that once she worshipped there,
Throngs it with memories sweet.

The singer who started the tunes is dead,
The preacher old, gone too;
And of the flock whom once they led
There now remain but few.

But the fact that here to God in prayer
In faith she knelt, inside,
And joined in hymns of worship there
Has made it glorified.

Full thirty years have passed since then,
Our mother worshipped here.
And now to us old and care-worn men
The recollection's dear.

.
Dear parents, in that other land,
With lovelier skies for dome,
Think sometimes of the little band
That filled your earthly home.

LOVE AND WISDOM

LIKE Solomon, I fain would ask
Sufficient wisdom for my task;
But David's love to God I prize
Far more than being worldly-wise.

The love of wisdom, all can see:
Wisdom to love, I crave for me.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM

A LITTLE waif of a child,
Run down in the crowded street.
Yet looked up patient, mild;
This little waif of a child;
And though maimed and dying, smiled
With his face so wan and sweet.
A little waif of a child,
Run down in the crowded street.

NIL DESPERANDUM

A LITTLE boy was building a house
Of sand and shells on the beach.
He never thought of the rising flood
So soon his house to reach.
But dug and gathered and built right on
Till the ocean was by his side;
Then laughed with glee, when in rushed the sea,
And his house was wrecked by the tide.

So may we children of larger growth
Be free from care if we will.
No matter what evil floods draw nigh,
Let us build up our castles still;
And if perchance, when the dream is done,
Fate does its worst, like men
We must laugh at the fall, and smile at it all;
And build up firmer again.

ON THE TRAIN

A LAUGHING child and a woman in tears,
Take seats in the evening train.
Do infants smile at mother's fears?
This laughing child, and woman in tears?
Is it voices lost the widow hears,
That fill her heart with pain?
A laughing child and a woman in tears,
Take seats in the evening train.

WILLIAM NEILSON McVICKAR

GREAT of heart and great of frame,
Loving all of every name,
Treating rich and poor the same.

Chosen friend of Phillips Brooks,
Matching him in size and looks,
Prizing the same thoughts and books.

Bishop, rector, doctor, friend,
Thou dost each of these commend,
Ere thou camest to thy end.

Each good man shall danger see,
Each good cause shall weaker be,
Championed no more by thee.

Farewell, friend, to mansions fair,
Light perpetual greet thee there,
Resting in the Father's care.

SOLITUDE

TO know our God, ourself, or men,
We must be much alone:
To write worthwhile with helpful pen,
Must idle words postpone.
The holiest thoughts to souls are given
In hours that know the hush of Heaven.

THE EMPTY STOCKING

A KNEELING child by her bed —
And an empty Christmas stocking.
Poor aching heart and head
Of this little child by the bed,
Forgotten, and parents dead,
While her grief the past is unlocking.
A kneeling child by the bed —
And an empty Christmas stocking.

ONLY WAITING

A HUNDRED years of life
Have whispered their story to her.
Now, far past the planning and strife
Of her hundred years of life,
As daughter, mother and wife,
She longs for the last transfer.
A hundred years of life
Have whispered their story to her.

SHORT AND SWEET

EVERY robin, every linnet
Sings his song for just a minute.
From the first to last peweeet
It is very short and sweet.

Human singers sad to say,
Sing a great deal longer lay.
Why not make a frank confession;
Learn the art of *brief* expression?

THE MONEY GRUB

FARMER Smith going to market one day
Picked up a gold piece, which lay in his way.
Afterwards ever, by mountain or shore,
He cast his eyes downward, looking for more.

Sixty years passed, and at eighty he died,
With only a pile of coins at his side.
All his life long, he'd his eyes on the road,
Missing the beauty which everywhere showed.

Blossoms rare nodded each side of his path,
Winds whispered low, or roared loud in their wrath;
Sunshine or shadow, in cold or in heat,
Little he saw but the earth at his feet.

Heaven glowed brightly above him so free;
Nature called to him, from bird, bush and tree:
Thinking such sights of no value or worth,
He saw but the mud and the filth of the earth.

Quarters, dimes, nickels, in plenty he found,
Constantly walking with nose to the ground.
Looking not upward, but down, at the dust,
Speaking to passers-by, but when he must.

Profit and loss, they were both in his plan;
Money he gained, but lost as a man.
Silently watchful, he made no new *friends*,
Think you his findings for this made amends?

THE MONEY GRUB

Friendship, religion, and music and song,
All these he missed as he journeyed along.
Hundreds of miles of the earth's mouldy soil,
Was all he had known at the end of his toil.

THE THING THAT MATTERS

IT'S dreadfully mean, my laddie,
Yes, mean and unfair I know;
But that's just the way things happen
In this mixed up world below.
The way we thought straight is crooked;
The friend we thought fond, untrue;
Your playmate has told you a falsehood,
But it's worse for him than for you.

We injure ourselves, my laddie,
Far more than another can.
The lie that this boy has told you
Will weaken him when a man.
Sometime, when a sudden test comes,
When firm he should stand for right,
He may falter, fall, and lose his all,
Because of this sin tonight.

To bed and sweet dreams, my laddie,
And when you kneel in your prayer,
Ask God to forgive your playmate,
And keep you both in His care.
But do not forget the lesson
That down to the center delves:
There's nothing can greatly hurt us
But the thing we do ourselves.

LOVE'S TRIBUTE

To L. W. C.

FOR she made me what I am,"
Said a friend to me today.
Sweeter than best epigram,
Such high praise a wife to pay.

For just what *he* is, is known
By the whole wide world of men —
Counting riches but a loan,
Helping all by word and pen.

Thanks for libraries increase,
Thanks for music for God's praise,
For his gift to the Prince of Peace,
May God grant him length of days!

And may she who by his side
Aided all by sympathy,
Still call forth his word of pride;
"What I am, she made of me."

VALUES

NO mount we scale, but far before
A higher peak ascends.
We oft miss the rainbow overhead
For one which distant bends.

SUCCESS

MY friend, if you would fain succeed,
Four qualities you surely need:

Pluck to start the appointed work,
Grit to stand the wearing grind,
Strength to wait and never shirk,
Grace to keep a humble mind.

Then ask of God the glad reward,
In prayer through Jesus Christ Our Lord.

THE ROBBER

THE man who does not do his best
Robs not alone himself;
But the whole world of human kind,
And gains naught by his pelf.

NO TIME FOR GOD

TIME for self, for work, for play
Time to waste and throw away,
Time to gratify each whim;
But no time to think of Him.

Time for planning to be great,
Time for friendship, love and hate.
Time for reading, music, art;
But no time to cleanse our heart.

HOPE

A BIRD full of life on a limb sere and dead.
Sings a bright spring message to me.
Let us mount on the past; and though skies are
like lead,
Rejoice in the glory to be.

MARRIAGE OF CHRISTIAN MAN
AND MAID

PARTNERS in love and crowned with Heaven's
blessing,

Hold fast to God, to honor and your troth.
Best wish of parents and of friends possessing,
May angels bright, from harm forbend you both.

Day may come drear, and storms with dark clouds
frighten,

Trust all to God, and trust each other too.
True wedded love, with love of God to brighten,
Brings golden sunshine down, from skies of blue.

This threefold cord is never lightly broken,
Be each most glad to yield in times of stress.
The wedding ring should be to both the token;
Loving each other, not to love God less.

Union like this should lessen faithless grieving,
Marriage should more than double all your joy.
Till this life over, Heaven's new life receiving;
God's love and service all our hearts employ.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

[Died January 8, 1919]

AS drowsy child at close of arduous summer's
day,

He said: "Turn out the light," and quickly slept
away.

"True Theodore, God's gift" by loving mother
named,

God's gift to man he was, in all lands, so famed.
Against the false, brave friend to weak, not knowing
lie or fear,

He fought for truth and right, unheeding blame or
cheer.

He gave his life to us, who gave our love to him:
His light, years will increase; no passing time can
dim.

Your task is not yet done, dear friend, for still your
words ring true.

America's ideal and knight. We'll carry on for
you.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER
AT ARLINGTON

WHO said "Unknown"? To you and me,
 purblind,
 But not unknown to honor and to God.
"Who loseth life for Me," said Christ, "Shall
 find
 The life eternal." Though he lies beneath yon
 sod.

"I know them all" our Master said, and smiled.
 "My yoke is easy, and My burden light."
They heard, dared death, and with faith like a
 child
 Through sacrifice have gained the heavenly height.

Reared lovingly by parent's tender care,
 They went to war because they heard God's call.
"They gave their youthful lives to Me, in prayer,"
 "They're now with Me," says Christ, "I know
 them all."

LAUREL TIME ON LONG ISLAND

WOODS aflame with blooming laurel,
Red and white blent without quarrel,
Lightest pink to deepest sorrel —
Parable with obvious moral.
Never more shall my tired eyes
See a sight that with this vies
Till they open with surprise
In God's upper Paradise

Myriad blooms a mile around,
Rainbow waves to yon far Sound.
On every side the blooms abound,
Hiding all the leaves and ground.
God of Heaven has given this taste,
Why such beauty run to waste?
Bid the people come with haste
'Ere by vandals it's defaced.

Thank God, then, for you and me
That He granted us to see
Spring flowers in their ecstasy —
Partners in His joy to be.
If God cares for such as these,
Guards them with His forest trees
From sun's heat and winter's freeze;
"Are ye not worth more than these?"

PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN

[Written by the Author's Mother]

TWO men went up to the Temple to pray;
The one was decked in gorgeous array.
Then upward he lifted his lofty eye
As tendering gifts to his Maker on high.

While standing thus, in accents bold,
His works, his aims, and his deeds he told;
And thanked the Lord for the wondrous grace,
That made him holier than his race.

But now another cried out from within,
“ I am a sinner, cleanse me of sin! ”
Humbly the Publican uttered his plea:
“ I am a sinner, forgive and cleanse me! ”

The Pharisee filled with his bubble pride,
Went down to his house unjustified.
But the one who feared to lift eyes to Heaven,
Surprised, went down to his house forgiven.

BY HANNAH ANNE GOODLIFFE DARLINGTON.

THE WAY OF LIFE

PATIENT with others, but strict with myself;
Loving to give, and refusing all pelf;
Doing the right, though it brings me no fame;
Honoring CHRIST, because signed with His Name;
Helping the downcast, and cheering the sad;
Living our creed 'till it makes the world glad;
Fond of our work, of our friends, of our land;
Walking by faith, daily led by GOD's hand;
This is the pathway the saints all have trod,
This is the life hid with CHRIST's life in GOD.

FOUR THINGS

FOUR things that I may happy be,
I pray that God will give to me;

Someone to love with all my heart,
Something to do by toil or art,
Something to hope for farther on,
A mem'ry sweet to muse upon.

All these in Christ, my Lord, I find,
On Him, I rest with quiet mind.

